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(For the American Art Journal.)

SPIRIT LONGINGS.

BY ALGERNON.

I feel her breath on my glowing cheek
 In the stilly midnight hour,
 When the stars arouse our sympathies
 By their weird and mystic power.
 All thoughts of the world have left me now,
 My soul takes an upward flight,
 To join her spirit in still mid air,
 Midst the star-beams bright.
 I sit beside the tiny brook
 Where *her* star's rays rest,
 And cool the heat of my burning brow
 In its silv'ry breast.
 My soul now drinks in its trembling beam,
 For it tells of her spirit's home;
 And the music rays of heaven's own choir,
 On my raptured senses come.
 They sing as they turn, but O! sweeter far
 Is the music that comes from that starry sphere,
 Than when we together its melody heard—
 Her voice is there!
 Ray of heaven's melody, hush me to sleep,
 Lap all my senses in starlight and dew,
 Bring to these eyes, that wake only to weep,
 In my dreamings, the mourned for, the lost
 one to view.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

The Classical Burlesque has, hitherto, been almost unknown in this country—immensely popular and successful as it has proved on the other side of the water, our Metropolitan managers appear to have paid little or no attention to it. To Messrs. Smith & Baker must be accorded the honor of having first introduced this pleasant type of extravaganza to the New York boards. "Perseus and Andromeda," produced at the New York Theatre on Monday evening of this week, is one of the cleverest productions of those clever playwrights, the Brothers Brough; it fairly sparkles with wit from beginning to end, while the language is, in many cases, really graceful. Written for an English audience, many of the puns are, to the general class of spectators, not so thoroughly appreciated as they would be by a London audience, but for all this there is a sufficiency of real downright humor in them to call forth many a hearty laugh and a vast amount of genuine applause.

"Perseus and Andromeda" can hardly fail to prove an entire success—it is something so much out of the ordinary run of burlesque that it must tickle the fancy of the novelty-loving American public, if only from its entire difference to anything we have yet had upon the American boards; besides which, it is full of prodigiously funny puns, striking situations and much beautiful music.

Of the acting but little can be said but in the way of praise. Lady Don's Perseus is far in advance of her Leicester as a piece of clever burlesque acting, the language being delivered with much greater point and the songs given with great vim and *aplomb*. Mark Smith as Cassiope, the much-abused Queen of Ethiopia, is of course

superlatively excellent and amusing. One of the greatest beauties in Mr. Smith's acting of parts of this character is the entire absence of anything approaching vulgarity, an error which an actor of less talent and judgment would be very apt to fall into; in Mr. Smith we find none of this, but in its place a dignified, bombastic earnestness, which accords well with the part, and which is, moreover, the great secret of true burlesque.

Miss Lillie Eldredge is but a poor substitute for the talented Mrs. Gomersal as Andromeda; her acting smacking greatly of the amateur, her voice being unpleasant and harsh, while her manners are hoydenish to the last degree. The young lady is amusing at times, however, and with a little toning down may perhaps prove a more acceptable representative of the part.

Messrs. Baker and Dunn as Polydectis and Phineus are both excellent, playing with great humor and singing their songs with a rare appreciation of the ridiculous. Mr. Dunn's "make up" is particularly absurd, being that of a classical Lord Dundreary, with long whiskers, eye glass, umbrella, &c.

Mrs. Wilkins as Danae and Mrs. Yeamans as Minerva are both capital, while Mr. Gomersal makes as much as possibly can be made of the small part of Hylæasaurus, the monster.

Considering the small size of the stage, the play is finely gotten up, many of the tableaux being quite artistic. One of the worst managed effects is that of the general petrification of all the characters in the fifth scene. In London this was much more successfully managed; there, when the Gorgon's head was displayed, the lights were turned down for a few seconds, during which time for the characters then upon the stage were substituted others, robed entirely in white, which gave a statuesque effect entirely wanting in the tableau as given at the New York Theatre. This is very easily managed, and Messrs. Smith & Baker would add greatly to the attractiveness of the burlesque by adopting the suggestion.

In the meantime I would heartily advise the readers of the *Art Journal* to witness the performance of "Perseus and Andromeda"—it is a wonderfully side-splitting affair, and one which they can hardly help enjoying and laughing over.

Mr. Wallack decidedly made a very bad "Investment" when he produced Watt Phillips' play of that name on Tuesday evening of this week. A more utter and complete failure has seldom, if ever, been seen at this establishment. This doleful affair is facetiously termed "a comedy" on the play bills, for what reason it would be difficult to discover, as it is little more or less than a long and prosy moral lecture on the evils of speculation put into a four act play. It seems to be the duty of each of the characters represented to eternally preach sentiment—as for talking like every day human beings, that appears to be entirely beyond their capacity. This is the more to be wondered at, as Mr. Phillips has written some very clever and interesting dramas; they have not been startlingly original in construction it is true, but then there have been good points in all of them, whereas in "Investment" there is not the slightest interest excited from beginning to end, the plot is clumsily evolved, and, having seen

the first act, you know perfectly well what is to be the *denouement*.

The plot, such as it is, is as follows: Sir Arthur Plynimmon, a country gentleman, (Mr. Wallack) has come up to town on a visit to Jonathan Garroway (Mr. Fisher) who is a speculator in stocks and induces his friend to venture his fortune in the paper balloon of speculation. In the meantime Mrs. Chicone (Miss Morant) a widow, and sister of Garroway, has made up her mind to marry Plynimmon, both for his title and his money. The unlucky baronet of course loses all and in despair goes to Garroway, imploring a temporary loan of £1000 to enable him to meet his engagements; this Garroway refuses, but learning afterwards, through the instrumentality of his tool, Kite, (Mr. Young) that a rich vein of lead has been discovered in a mine on the estate of Plynimmon, which had hitherto been deemed worthless, he determines to advance the amount as the purchase money of the property. Kite, however, has a sweetheart, Tawdry, (Mrs. Sef-ton) to whom, in confidence, he betrays the secret of his master; she, womanlike, confides it to her mistress, Mrs. Chicone, who determines to be beforehand in the purchase of the Edendale Mine, and to this end visits Plynimmon at his lodgings. Arrived there, she relents in her purpose, and when her brother, who in the meantime has made his appearance and deluded the baronet into the sale, is about to sign the bill, she snatches it from his hand and tearing it to pieces explains to the astonished gentleman the plot into which he was about to fall.

These three characters, Plynimmon, Garroway and Mrs. Chicone, are the principal ones in the play, others are introduced but they have but little to do with the development of the plot, which can be seen at a glance is uncommonly meagre, and could easily be crowded into two acts, and even then possess but little interest.

Mr. Wallack's excellent company make as much of the several parts assigned them as is possible. Mr. Wallack's Plynimmon, Mr. Fisher's Garroway, Mr. Young's Kite, Miss Morant's Mrs. Chicone and Mrs. Jennings' Blanche Plynimmon are all admirably played, but even this is not sufficient to galvanize any appearance of life into this dolefully bad "Investment."

"The Streets of New York" has deservedly proved a great success at the Olympic; it is put upon the stage with great care, is acted well throughout and richly deserves the approbation with which it is nightly received by crowded houses.

At the Winter Garden "The Merchant of Venice" still holds the boards, and is likely to do so for some time to come. To-night Mr. J. N. Gotthold takes his first benefit in New York, playing Julian St. Pierre in "The Wife," a part which he has performed with great success in other cities. Mr. Gotthold is a conscientious and painstaking actor and deserves good treatment at the hands of the public.

SHUGGE.

M. Victor Massé has nearly completed the score of an opera comique, whose book is by Messrs. Labiche and Delacour, entitled "Le Brigadier Cleopatre."